

Good Morning 248

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

AMAZING CONCERT

YOU can't step ashore to a town of any size in Britain to-day without seeing a concert advertisement.

London is placarded end to end with flyposter news of forthcoming symphonies, concertos, concert stars. Popular taste is becoming "high-brow" — and the concert

world is enjoying the biggest boom on record.

Five thousand people fill the Albert Hall for an orchestral concert every Sunday. Another 3,000 music-lovers pack theatres which have been converted into concert-halls. How has it all happened? And why?

Come with me into a concert agent's office. Hear him argu-

AND HERE'S WORLD

ing with a famous pianist whom thousands will flock to hear.

"Your fee works out at 100 guineas for 15 minutes' playing," says the impresario.

"Not for 15 minutes' playing," says the concert artiste, "but for 40 years' study!"

"Two hundred guineas, then, for a group of six concerts," bids the impresario—and the bargain is clinched.

In this way music, once the Cinderella of the entertainment world, is again offering glittering fortunes to genius.

Money is being earned, not by the old-time ballyhoo of temperament, but by harder work for more hard cash. And the concert world has modernised and rationalised itself into a new prosperity.

Staging a season of concerts used to cost as much as £100,000. Orchestras travelled long distances by special train for a single concert. Now they travel by bus, and sometimes undertake six concerts a week, visiting war factories and towns once considered too small for concert scope.

I know a conductor who formerly drew 45 guineas once a week for a single concert. To-day he earns £100 a week for five concerts. The highest fee ever earned in Britain by a conductor was £500, paid by the B.B.C. to Toscanini—and now the London Philharmonic Orchestra is paying £5,000 a year to conductors.

The virtuoso draws still more. Take Yehudi Menuhin, that amazing genius of the violin, who was only four when he took his first lessons and five when he played his first concerto. He has often earned £1,000 a night. Recently, under C.E.M.A. auspices, he toured a chain of aircraft factories, and proved the biggest success the canteens had ever known.

When Eileen Joyce first came to England the concert world was in such a plight that nearly every gramophone record company refused her a recording. To-day she is one of the most consistent women money-makers of music.

It is odd, too, to realise that Albert Sammons once played unnoticed in cafés and theatre orchestras, and that Solomon gave his first public performance when so young that he rode off the platform on a tricycle!

Equal romances exist among the old gang of music. Sir Henry Wood once played to fish—as an organist giving recitals at a Fisheries Exhibition held in South Kensington.

Dr. Malcolm Sargent—old enough to have fought in the last war—originally intended to be an organist, and became a conductor by accident when he was asked to deputise on the rostrum during a rehearsal.

Transformation has also come to the "try-out" halls, as some of the smaller auditoriums of London used to be called when they were booked

for solo recitals by young unknowns.

Seats were nearly always given away to produce an audience, and a concert agent would stand a loss of £50 to £100 in order to encourage and establish a new performer.

But to-day the "try-outs" are packed with cash customers—and the problem impresarios face is finding the artistes.

B.B.C. Listener Research reveals the trend. Appreciation of vaudeville has fallen by 20 per cent.—while the popularity of serious music has risen by the same percentage.

And perhaps the switch-over in public taste is not entirely remote from the war-time conditions, which have produced a music world devoid of egoism and florid hysteria. Tenors used to be one of the greatest attractions in Britain. To-day tenors are strangely conspicuous—by their absence!

Pachmann, the old pianist, used to refuse to play if he disliked the face of a woman in the audience. Either the lady had to leave—or the concert was off.

Chaliapine once cancelled a concert because the lettering of his name on the placards was an inch too short. Melba used to demand red eggs for her supper—a request that may have been meant as a practical joke.

Still, if terribly worried impresarios who knew of the tantrums of sopranos—but weren't quick-witted enough to think of having eggs dyed with cochineal!

That old concert world has crashed. To show to-day's tempo, there is the occasion of Menuhin's last arrival in England. He had just flown the Atlantic—and the first thing he asked for in his hotel was a programme of his concert, due three days later.

"I want to see it," he explained, "to know what I am going to play."

Through the three days he practised and rehearsed solidly. He gave a flawless performance.

Hard work, not temperament, is to-day's keynote. Perhaps it always has been. Perhaps all those publicised clashes of artistes and managers were always merest hokum.

But we didn't know. It made good music seem so unnatural. Now we've taken the lid off. Now we listen—and know that we like it!

Harold A. Albert

MAKE THIS YOUR OWN NEWSPAPER
SEND YOUR STORIES, JOKES, IDEAS TO
GOOD MORNING



LOVELY LINDEN TRAVERS

DICK GORDON Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

LONDON has an excellent stage thriller, and will soon have a horrific rape film at three cinemas.

The play is Agatha Christie's and called "Ten Little Niggers," and is showing at St. James's Theatre.

The film is Edward Dmytryk's and will open at the Tivoli and two other houses.

You know the story of the niggers. They are ornaments on a shelf, and for each there is a murderer marooned at a mansion on an island. As the victims disappear one of the rhyme is quoted. One chokes, another gets chopped up, one drowns, and so on, until only three are left. There is a terrific mad scene by Allan Jeayes, then Linden Travers and the Romeo who is conveniently shot at and missed go into a huddle under the shadow of a hang rope. It's good. Book early.

The film is ghastly—babes are bayoneted and thrown in the air, pretty girls are raped, and horror abounds. The film has a story, and Margo, Tom Neal and J. Carrol Naish in the main parts.

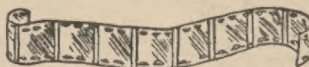
If you can take this kind of thing I strongly advise you to take the emergency flask and really have fun. I'll take the Marx Brothers any day.

RECORD screen kiss of the year goes to Irene Dunne. It runs for two minutes, during a scene in M.G.M.'s "The White Cliffs." Miss Dunne stands on a balcony high above the London crowds cheering the first parade of American soldiers in England. The kiss lasts until a band finishes playing "The Yanks are Coming."

Who is the kisser? Eighty-year-old C. Aubrey Smith!

It elaborates musical in 20th Century-nicolor musical comedy, "The Girls He Left Behind," which co-stars Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda, features the "Brazilian Bombshell" in a novelty setting with a banana background, and promises to cause a sensation!

LAST week Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Gone With The Wind" reached its 200th West End week. . . .



NOW get out of your plush seats for a while and come see the professor of music who can't play a note. Kay Kyser is the name. He considers the human vocal cords the best musical instrument on

earth—when they give out with laughter.

He doesn't play a note himself, although he leads a band, but he has been enjoying the mirth of the public since 1932. He discovered early that if you get them laughing you've got them coming and going.

His method on the screen is the same. He has a grave expression in repose, and in private life he is a dignified chap who apparently believes that life is an earnest proposition. The dignity is a mask. Beneath it he is chuckling, and he finds that living is a full-time job with plenty of hilarity.

"Music always sounds better if you're in a good mood," he said. "Food tastes better. Work is more pleasant—even hard work."

"I reckon it's a toss-up which the fellows liked best," Kay added, "the music or the gags."

Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge became an institution on the air on February 1, 1938. According to the radio polls it has drawn an average of 20,000,000 "students" to their dials every Wednesday night since then.

The music of Kyser's band captivates them, but his mock college of musical learning provides the accompaniment of laughter.

Kay, born in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, studied law at the State University of Chapel Hill, but in his third year he organised a class band. After graduating he led the band up to Cleveland.

In 1930 they got their first New York engagement, and by 1932 they were on the air. They went to Chicago in 1936, playing what Kay called "make-you-want-to-dance" music. The idea was, he explained, "that we got them laughing and then we played. By that time they were really worked up to dance."

In the first sixteen weeks of his "Kollege of Musical Knowledge" Kyser received 200,000 letters of approval. He hasn't continued to count them, but the volume has increased.

It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment. But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands.

Lord Nelson.

I was all ear, And took in strains that might create a soul Under the ribs of death.

John Milton.

HOME NEWS FOR A.B. JAMES BRAMHALL

ALL'S well at home, James, and Pat, your wife Elsie, and your mother-in-law send

you their fondest love, and best wishes for continued Good Hunting.

When the "Good Morning" representative went round to 12 Standish Road, Shirecliffe, Sheffield, your wife told us how Navy blue brought her good luck.

It was two years before the war when you both met, she said—and it was the Navy blue uniform that attracted her eye.

Your daughter, Patricia Fay, made a very good picture playing with her baby doll, and she says she's looking forward to playing "boo" with you again, and that we were specially to tell you that she can sing "You'll be so nice to come home to" from beginning to end without making a single mistake—or, at least, not many.

Your wife says she is getting on fine with her job on the L.M.S. station and is enjoying her work, which she doesn't find too hard. Trundling luggage, she adds, is now second nature with her.

Elsie also recalled the time you both went to Buckingham Palace for your investiture. Congratulations, Jim, on your D.S.M.—and Good Hunting!



WANGLING WORDS—203

1. Put a man in AR...INE and make a republic.
2. Rearrange the letters of LOOK, A HAM! to make a State in U.S.A.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: TRAM into MART, STOP into POTS, NUTS into STUN, JAN into FEB.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from AUTOBIOGRAPHY?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 202

1. DELIGHTED.
 2. NEWFOUNDLAND.
 3. SNAP, SOAP, SOUP, COUP, COOP, COON, CORN, TORN, TARN, BARN, BARD, CARD.
 4. SPIT, SPOT, SOOT, SORT, SORE, TORE, TORS, TOES, TOPS, TIPS.
- EEL, ELL, ALL, AIL, AIT, BIT, BET, BEE, LEE.
- DEC, DEN, PEN, PAN, JAN.
4. Said, Dais, Spot, Tops, Pots, Past, Taps, Mend, Dent, Dint, Tend, Sand, Send, Soap, Pope, Pate, Pent, Pint, Pain, Nape, Pane, Pine, Note, Tone, etc.
- Point, Saint, Taint, Paint, Stain, Mains, Spain, Tapis, Spate, Tapes, Stone, Notes, Poems, Pants, Pains, Stand, Staid, Mites, Times, Smite, Poets, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

- (a) GAME OVER TIN CAN.
(b) GO WIDE DOCK.

(Answers' on Page 3.)

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The Spanish for war is guerra, and the diminutive guerrilla means little war, or warfare carried on by small independent groups of irregular soldiers.

Zarathustra and Zoroaster are two names for the Persian founder of Zoroastrianism, a religion much older than Mohammedanism.

Black-beetles are dark brown in colour, and they are grouped scientifically, not with beetles, but with grasshoppers and locusts.

The five principal ingredients of punch are rum, brandy, sugar, lemon and water. The Hindustani word for five is "panch." On the other hand, the word punch may be derived from punction, a spirit cask.

JANE

Thanks to Hank's efforts all the seats for "Dick Whittington" are sold out at the next matinee....



AN ABYSS PENETRATES THE GLOBE

THE mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I at length to the old man—"this can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary account of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence or of the horror of the scene—or of the wild, bewildering sense of the novel which confounds the beholder.

I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time; but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but on the other side, towards Ver (Vurrgh) this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather."

"When it is in flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equalled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts, the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vortices or pits are of such an extent that if a ship comes within its attraction it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again."

"But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were carried within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves."

"A bear once, attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine-trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again, broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morn-

Continuing Descent into the Maelström

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

ing of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The "forty fathoms" must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-ström must be unmeasurably greater; and no better proof

of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen.

Locking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears, for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing that the largest ships of the line in existence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe Islands, "have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks, and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments."—These are the words of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Kircher and others imagine

that in the centre of the channel of the Maelström is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that,



"—And the moment peace is declared—!"

although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

"You have a good look at the whirl now," said the old man, "and if you creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if only one has the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lof-

QUIZ for today

1. A reredos is a garment, musical instrument, part of a church, tropical fish, cattle fly?
2. Who wrote (a) Drum Taps, (b) The Drums of the Fore and Aft?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Grape, Orange, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Plum.
4. What is the average distance of the earth from the sun?
5. What is a Thespian?
6. The standard typewriter makes 44, 54, 64, 74 or 84 different letters and signs?
7. The Panama Canal is 40, 50, 60, 70 miles long?
8. What is the normal temperature of the body?
9. What is the estimated population of the British Empire?
10. What is the capital of Nicaragua?
11. Complete the phrases: (a) Hitch your wagon —, (b) Give a dog a bad name —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 247

1. Indian measurement.
2. (a) Tennyson, (b) George Moore.
3. Crosse is used in lacrosse; others in golf.
4. About 1½ pints.
5. Landseer.
6. Candlemas, Whitsun, Lammas, Martinmas.
7. Loosestrife, Pleurisy.
8. Preserve made (originally) from quinces.
9. 88.
10. In Vatican City, one-third of a mile long.
11. Caracas.
12. (a) The lute, (b) Knot.

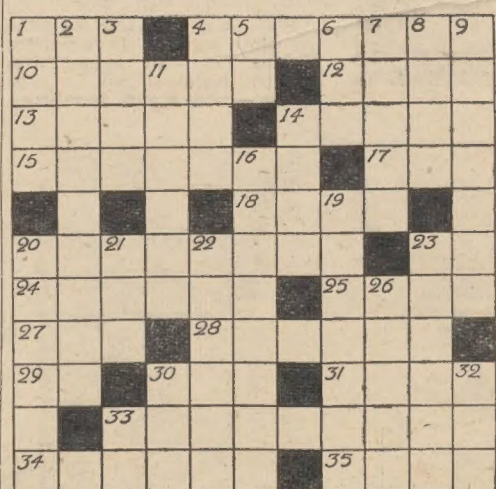
den coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week.

"In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labour, and courage answering for capital."

(To be continued)

I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true.
Cardinal Newman.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Light boat.
- 4 Seas.
- 10 Strong woman.
- 12 Except.
- 13 Spot of fun.
- 14 Drive.
- 15 Limped.
- 17 Mineral.
- 18 Scheme.
- 20 More stable.
- 23 By.
- 24 Throbs.
- 25 Bird.
- 27 Coloured fluid.
- 28 Very fond.
- 29 Concerning.
- 30 Sludge.
- 31 Despicable.
- 33 Tears.
- 34 Athlete's garment.
- 35 Stringed instrument.

DO BISECT
APRON TROLL
BEAST CANOE
RISER FADS
MAN GENTLES
O BELAY O
DEMERIT CAR
IDEA CURE
SNAGS RIDES
HALLO AGENT
SEPAL AY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Long cut.
- 2 Ask urgently.
- 3 Dress.
- 4 Boy or girl's name.
- 5 Dealing with.
- 6 Doctrine.
- 7 Fowl.
- 8 Always.
- 9 Picks.
- 11 Horse-like animals.
- 14 Doing nothing.
- 16 Series of events.
- 19 Coming.
- 20 Tapering structures.
- 21 Sort of deer.
- 22 Take away.
- 23 Fisher.
- 26 One.
- 30 Sully.
- 32 Compass point.
- 33 Behold.

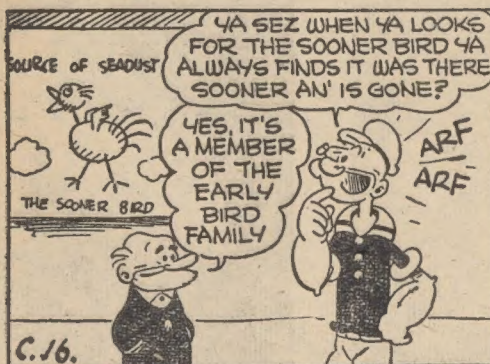
BEELZEBUB JONES



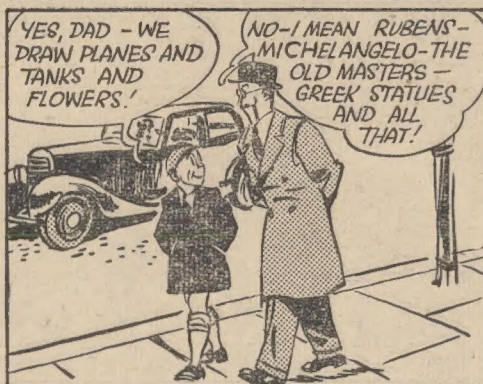
BELINDA



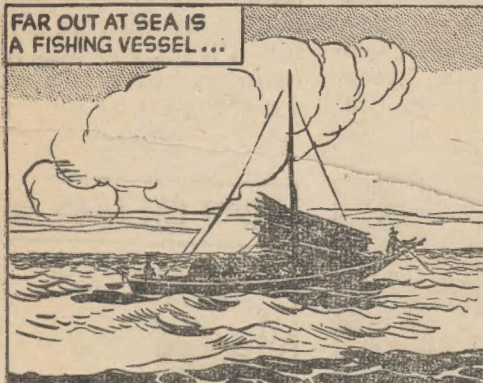
POPEYE



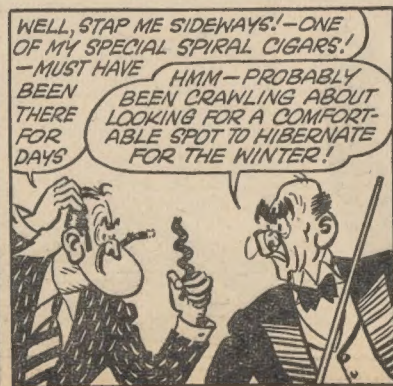
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 19

By John Allen

HUDDERSFIELD

HUDDERSFIELD'S football followers, and other townsfolk, were surprised and disappointed when, one evening late in 1919, they saw a newspaper bill on which was printed "Town Club Dead."

For all too long the Huddersfield Town F.C. had been fighting with little success to prove that soccer had an interest in the district, but the sportsmen appeared to favour rugby. Thus over a period the football club found themselves £20,000 in debt. It was therefore decided to move to Leeds.

But the people of Huddersfield, roused by this proposed move, rallied round the club, and suggestions were made as to the best method of paying off the £20,000 debt.

Eventually the team's brilliant centre-forward, Jack Cook, was transferred to Chelsea in exchange for a £2,500 fee, and fans canvassed the town to such good effect that a further £8,000 was raised.

In the meantime, the Huddersfield Town team was playing so brilliantly that huge crowds paid to see them wherever they appeared. When the local theatre staged a pantomime, "Aladdin," members of the company presented the "magic lamp" to the Huddersfield Town football club, urging them to rub it for good luck.

The players did—and good fortune did go their way, for they gained promotion to the First Division, and were narrowly, and rather luckily, beaten by Aston Villa in the Cup Final.

A year later, however, the Town won the Cup, and then, from 1924-26, won the League Championship. Indeed, the side that had been "born" only in 1910 had climbed to stardom in an amazingly short time.

Looking back over Huddersfield's star-studded sides, one is impressed by the high quality of the various men who have earned their blue and white striped shirt. Clem Stephenson, Roy Goodall, Dave Mangnall, Bob Kelly, the wonderful! Alex Jackson, Austin Campbell. One could go on for hours talking of these men, who have won world renown, not over forty or fifty years, but since 1920.

This is one of Huddersfield's proud boasts—they have made their history and stars over a period of a few years.

Alf Young, the centre-half and skipper, has for long been one of the Town's outstanding players. For many seasons he was England's first choice for the pivotal role, yet he nearly left Huddersfield before gaining his big chance.

For some years, from the time he was a junior, he used to hang around and wait for an opportunity to show his worth. But the Town always had a star in their pivotal berth. At last Alf Young asked Bob Kelly if he should make a move.

"No, lad," said the great Bob Kelly, "wait until you get your chance. In the meantime, train hard."

Alf took the international forward's advice, and a few months later was himself in England's team.

Such is football fortune! The war years have not treated Huddersfield so well as they have others. Most of their stars are to-day in the Forces, and not many "guest" players have been able to turn out for the famous wearers of the blue and white striped shirt.

But one player, engaged on important munitions work—Ken Willingham—their international half-back and skipper, always tries to turn out for his club.

Ken is as keen now as when he first joined Huddersfield. Often he has been known to work a night-shift, take a few hours' sleep, then turn out and play a sparkling game for the Town.

There are other players who have shown a similar desire to "do or die" for Huddersfield. So well does the club treat its men that few ever want to make a move. So it is only natural to find that players, more often than not, spend many seasons with the "Happy Huddersfield Family."

Answers to Mixed Doubles on Page 2.

- (a) MANAGE & CONTRIVE.
(b) GOOD & WICKED.

and here's some more

MIXED DOUBLES

- (a) LEFT UP ON CART.
(b) TRYING ALE.

(Answer in No. 249)

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



W H A T A Y A R N



And then they—and then they—and after that they—and then, believe it or not, they—Now, what do you think of that?



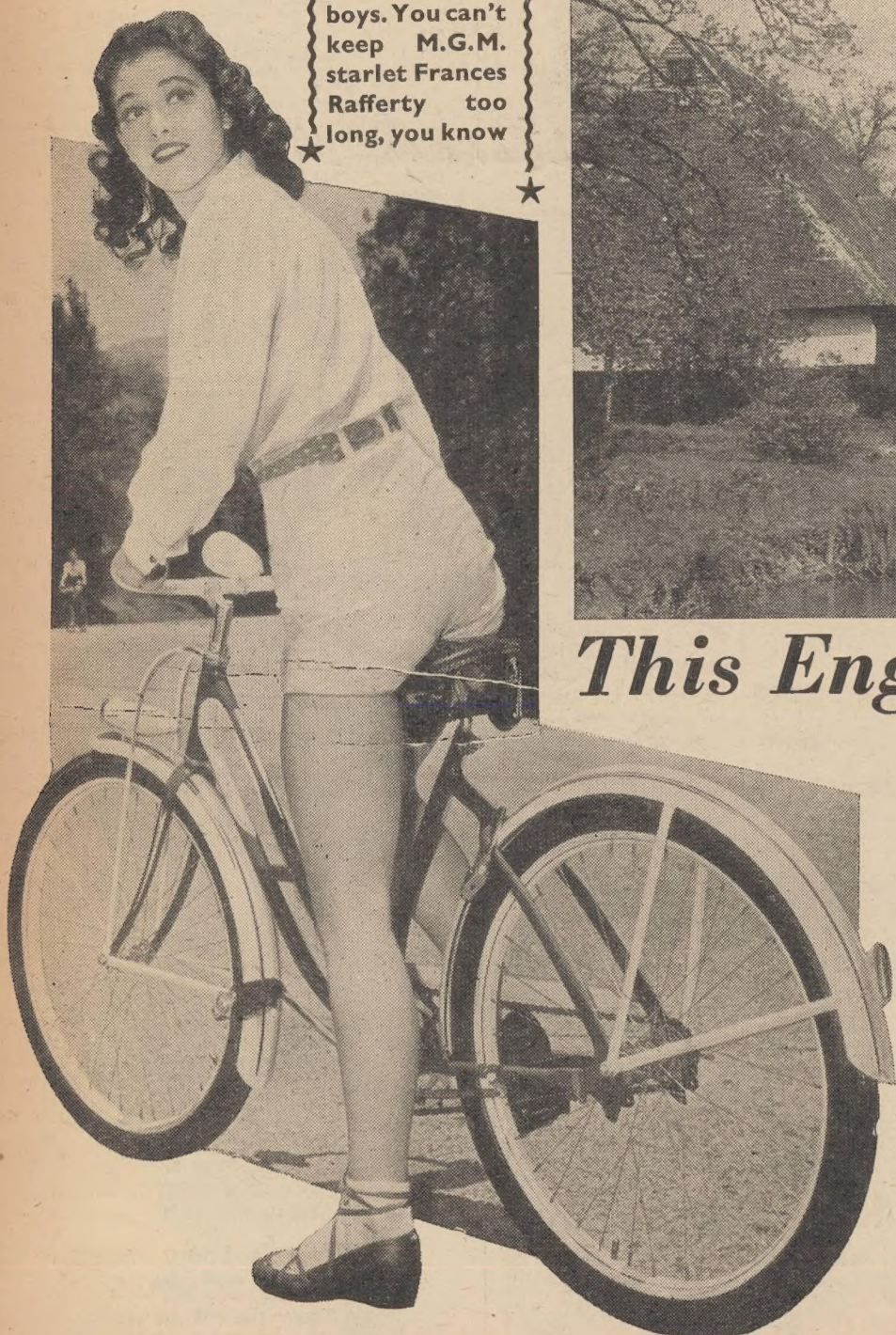
Listen to this. Buzz, buzz, buzz! And then we went to—and then we—Oh, and then we—and then, after that, everybody went to—. Now, wasn't it marvellous?



Ha, ha! I don't know whose story is the funnier, yours or mine. . . . Isn't life a scream, though? I've laughed so much that I've busted my daisy chain. Ha, ha, ha!

I'M DAMNED IF I'LL LET GO

"Say, you fellahs; what are you waiting for?" Get your bikes out, boys. You can't keep M.G.M. starlet Frances Rafferty too long, you know



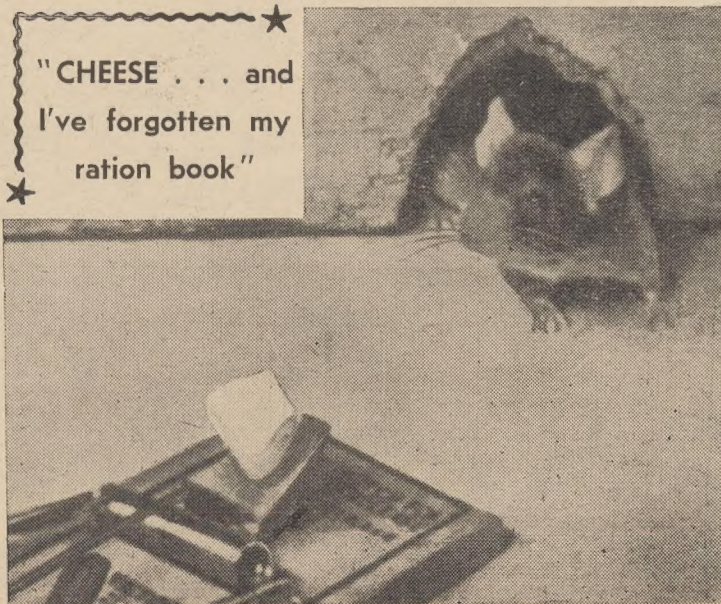
This England

They might have been built yesterday, so prim and neat are they, yet these barns at Cressington Temple, Essex, are actually four hundred years old.



"Oh, I know we are going to be great friends, but a lady must be careful. I'll let you kiss my hand, at any rate; but don't go thinking things."

"CHEESE . . . and I've forgotten my ration book"



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Save yourself for ME sister."

